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# The Time O'Day

By

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Published by

The Michigan Trust Company

Grand Rapids

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## INTRODUCTORY.

"Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."

—Macbeth.

AGAIN we ask our friends to accept a copy of our Holiday Book, with our greetings for a Merry Christmas. Our brief career as publishers has taught us the fascinations of the trade, so once a year we find it pleasant to lay aside our usual vocation and take a run in the fairy realm of children's literature. This Christmas we reach the fourth in our series of holiday books, and we trust that in this one we shall be able to bestow no less pleasure than has gone with our *Singing Games*, *Virginia Maud's Birthday Party*, and the *Round of Birthdays*.

It may seem strange to some of our friends, that we, who are organized as a Trust Company, to deal with loans, mortgages, and moneys, should venture into so foreign a field as the nursery. But we aim in these little books to do something quite as worthy as the conducting of a large trust business. We aim to produce something deserving of a permanent place in the children's library. Our book this year will be found in line with modern educational methods for little ones. In *The Time O' Day* we believe we have given to the kindergarten an attractive demonstration of one of its routine lessons, while children of a larger growth will, we trust, find in it an incentive to "improve each shining hour."

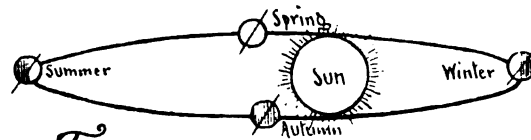
We remain, very truly,

THE MICHIGAN TRUST CO.

Christmas, 1898.







## Time's Reckoning

Long long ago, when man was young,  
Upon this half-cooled sphere.  
He hadn't any stated time  
For doing things, that's clear.

He hadn't any sun-dial,  
Or clock, or even locket,  
One reason was, I do suppose,  
He hadn't any pocket.

But, even then, he kept an eye  
On Nature all about him,  
Because he knew, if he did not,  
Harsh forces then would rout him.

He cast his glances at the moon,  
The tides, and constellations,  
But, most of all, upon the sun  
He made his observations.

He saw how heat succeeded cold,  
How cold in turn would bluster,  
So that he had to make himself  
Some pre-historic ulster.

How darkness held a certain space,  
And daylight filled another,  
Until he finally planned time -  
This still half-savage brother.

At last came one much wiser grown,  
(The date is lost in fable)  
Who thought to make the matter plain,  
By means of rhythmic table.



( It really was another scheme  
For cutting off our pleasures,  
And making hard-worked scholars slave  
On all their weights and measures.)

Sixty seconds make a minute,  
So the table is begun,  
And a second is no longer  
Than it takes to count just one.

Having learned that sixty seconds  
Make a minute as we go,  
That an hour has sixty minutes,  
Is the next thing we must know.

Four and twenty hours together  
Make a day, or day and night,  
From one sunrise to another,  
As the time speeds in its flight.

In a week the days are seven,  
In a month the weeks are four,  
So we say, altho' exactly,  
All save one add something more.

And a twelve-month, in its passage,  
Fills the cycle of the year,  
With its birthdays and vacations,  
And bright Christmas with its cheer.

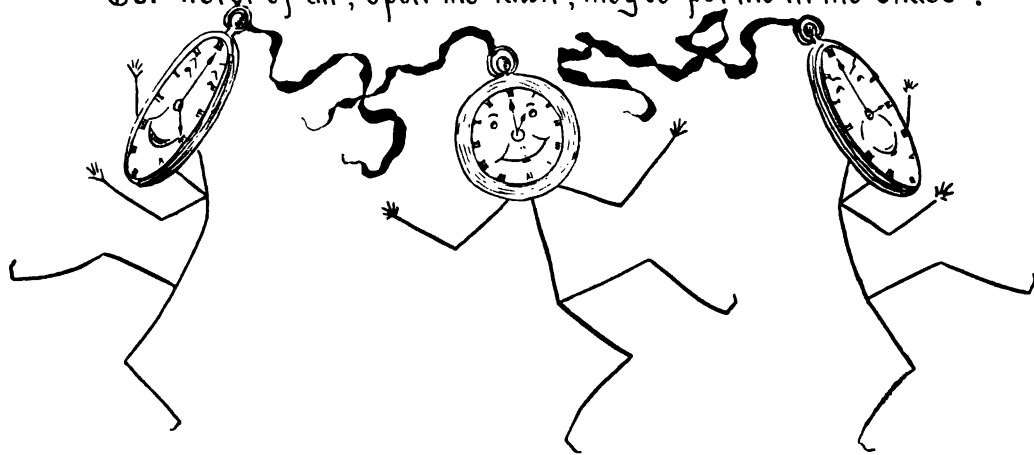
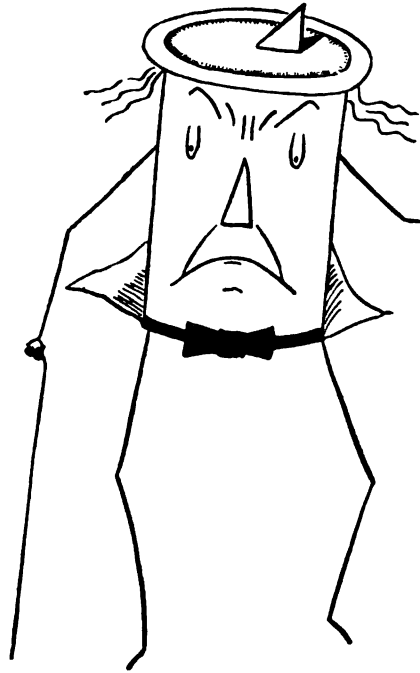
Then the hundreds of these cycles  
Mount to centuries untold,  
With their legends half-forgotten,  
And their generations old.



## The Sun Dials' Complaint.

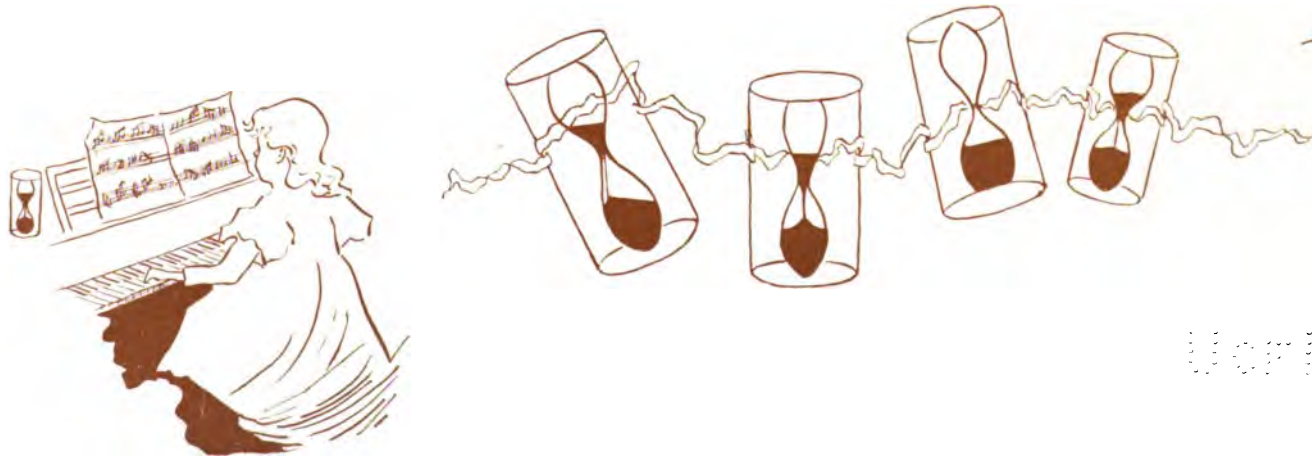
I once was young and useful, but, no longer up to date,  
Like all old things in this fast age, I share the common fate.  
For now 'tis all chronometers, and any Waterbury  
Wins more esteem than poor old I, — it's really trying, very.

I'm kept for curiosity with spinning wheels and such,  
Since watches now have second-hands, I do not count for much.  
I've had all sorts of slights and hurts, and insults that degrade,  
But worst of all, upon the lawn, they've put me in the shade!



# The Hour Glass Speaks.

I am the little sister to the sun-dial without,  
And once I too was thought to be a guide to have about.  
A symbol for the preacher's art who talked of running sands,  
I felt that times and seasons were most largely in my hands.  
But now I fear my only use is when my course is run,  
To tell impatient children that their practicing is done.



Ucr 11



## The Clock's Account of Himself.

I'm told I have a striking way  
And very open face,  
I speak so loud when callers come,  
I'm often in disgrace.

Instead of breathing, I just tick,  
My system so demands -  
For lungs and liver I have works,-  
My case before you stands.

My heart's my main-spring,- when it stops  
For lack of proper care,  
I feel that I am quite run down,  
And must have quick repair.

At first I tried to distance Time,  
But could not win the race,  
If I ran fast, or I ran slow,  
He kept an even pace.

Then I was filled with strange alarm,  
By weights I felt oppressed,  
I've learned I can't work "over-time",—  
To run for him is best.



# The Hands' Debate.

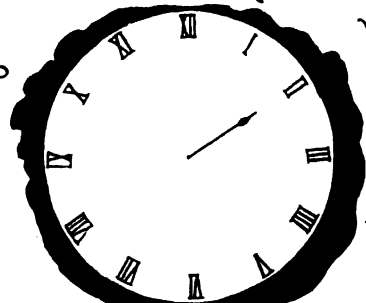
Said the short hand to the long hand,

"I really pity you,  
I tell the long majestic hours,  
That's more than you can do.

Your work is most undignified,  
You fly around so fast,  
But only count the minutes off  
That are so quickly past."

Said the long hand to the short hand,  
Most saucily 'tick-tick',

"I'm glad I am not slow like you,  
But do my work up quick.



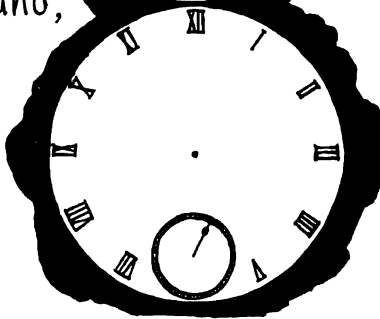
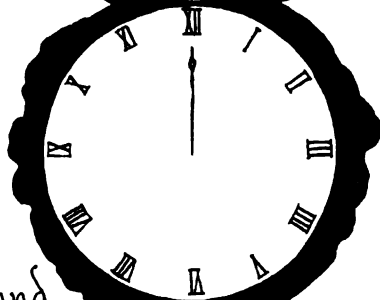
While I go round from twelve to twelve,

You cover but one space,  
From one to two, from two to three -  
A snail could beat your pace."

Up spoke the little second hand,

"I think you both are slow;  
I am the enterprising hand  
That's really on the go.

I work like sixty at my task,  
And when the clock is wound,  
You always hear the children laugh  
At me as I go round."

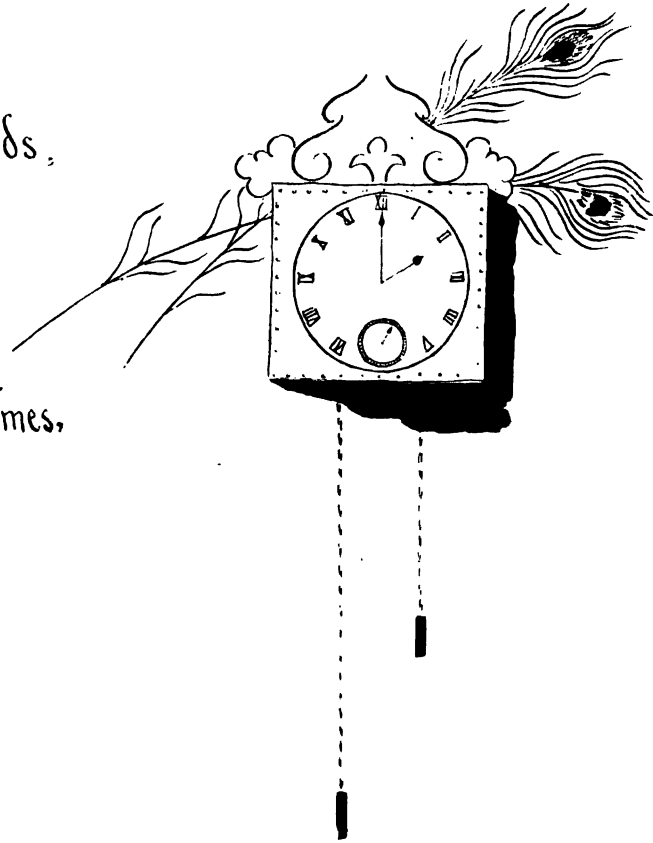


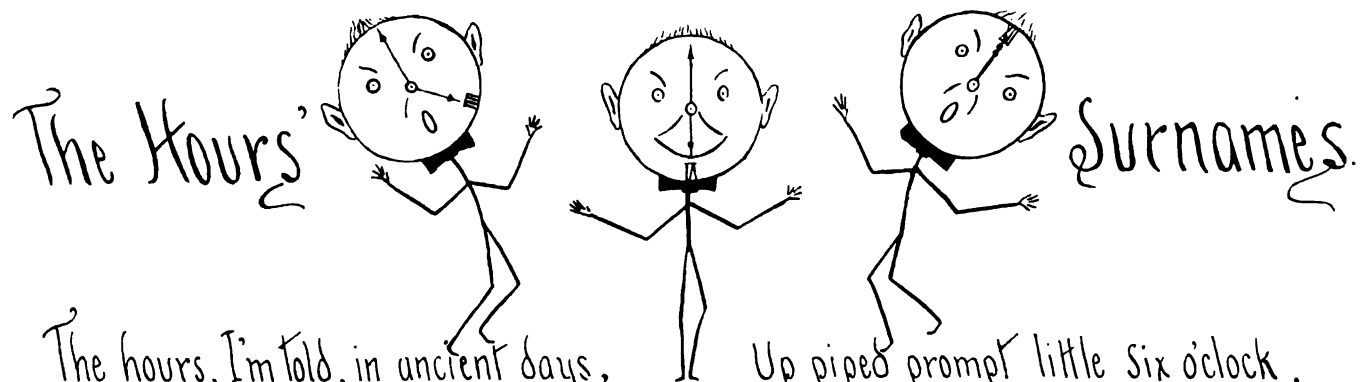


The clock called to the sparring hands,  
"For shame! Each in his place,  
Helps give a fine expressiveness  
To my unmeaning face.

The long hand tells the shorter times,  
The short one tells the long,  
Without the other each would be  
Not worth an idle song.

Hour, minute, second, all I need  
To make my record plain,  
And if you do not all keep time,  
My work must be in vain."





The hours, I'm told, in ancient days,  
Once held a grave convention,  
To settle on a mooted point,  
That long had caused contention:  
Said Twelve at noon, "I am confused  
With Twelve o'clock at night,  
Tho' he is dark and serious  
And I am always bright."  
Said Four of early morning grey,  
"I'm oft called afternoon,  
Tho' any little child should know  
That Four can't come so soon."

Up piped prompt little Six o'clock,  
"Altho' I am a twin,  
The way my brother's mixed with me,  
I think a down-right sin.  
It ought to make a difference  
To workmen without fail,  
When they go to and from their work  
With pick and sinner-pail.  
I have a very simple plan  
To make the matter straight,  
And keep all of our timely band  
From being counted late:



We'll ask old Father Time's consent  
For surnames half and half;  
To reach him now without delay,  
I'll write or telegraph.  
From Twelve at night to Twelve at noon  
You each shall be A.M.  
The other twelve must have a name  
That shall belong to them.  
P.M.'s the title they must bear  
To make the scheme complete;  
We then shall be no more confused.  
When stupid mortals meet."

"What does this mean?" cried Ten o'clock,  
These symbols I don't like,  
If you can't make the matter plain,  
I fear I'll have to strike."  
"P.M. means post-meridian,  
The Latin 'afternoon' —  
With ante used instead of post,  
You'll guess the A.M. soon."  
As thus explained, to Six's plan  
The hours all gave consent;  
From then till now by this device  
We know just what is meant.

# The Little Minutes.

We're the very little minutes that pass you on the sly,  
When you're at play and do not think how we are speeding by.  
For "just a minute" does not count, and yet, we make the years,  
With all their store of days and hours, with all their smiles and tears.  
The child who does not value us, will find himself too late,  
Obliged to live in No-Time-Land - a truly awful fate!  
There, evening waits till sun-rise; there, morning lags till noon;  
There's just a little "some-time", and it's always "pretty soon";  
And "bye-and-bye's" the only time that anybody feels  
Like getting up, or playing games, or even taking meals.  
There are no little minutes to be spent in merry play,  
The hours and days and seconds have likewise fled away,  
And hidden in eternity, whence they will ne'er come back  
To give a chance to do that sum or learn the rules that lack.  
So keep a watch out, little boy, and catch us if you can,  
And we will pay you back, my dear, when you're a little man.



Around The Clock.

6 O'CLOCK



'Tis Six o'clock, and Darling Dick  
is stirring in his bed;  
The earth has turned to greet the sun,  
the birds fly over-head.

The cook goes down with stealthy step,  
the milkman sounds his call,  
The world is getting at her work  
and soon will need us all.

Papa is kind, and vainly strives to conquer heavy sleep,  
And tell the story of the Bears, or ventures of Bo Peep.

Mamma, half-wakened, tries to hush  
her restless little flock. —

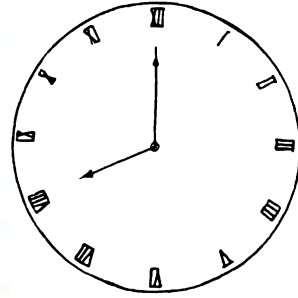
'Tis hard to keep the children still  
long after Six o'clock.

There is an ancient legend,  
Told by Grandmas who survive,  
Of people in the "good old times"  
who always rose at five;  
And even now the workingman,  
and those who till the soil,  
Must rise at dawn, perchance before,  
to start their daily toil;  
But for us it's just at Seven  
that we hear the rising bell,  
"Get up! Get up! You lazy folk!"  
is what it seems to tell.





8 O'CLOCK



The hour past seven we call Eight,  
V and three I's proclaim it;  
Whenever now this sign we see,  
We shall know how to name it.

There's one queer thing about this hour,  
That when we try to spell it,  
It doesn't look much as it sounds  
Whenever we just tell it.

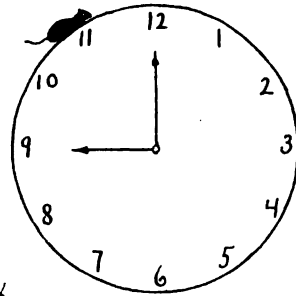
It is at Eight the postman comes;  
He rings just on the minute;  
A welcome letter cheers the day,  
And helps us to begin it.



"Hickory, dickory, dock!" was the  
tireless refrain of the clock  
In which an old mouse had his  
singular house,  
And raced to the sound of tick-tock.

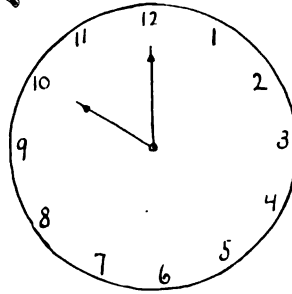
The clocks that we have in our day  
Don't loiter such nonsense to say:  
When I look at mine, if the hands are near nine,  
It says, "Off to school - no delay!"

9 O'CLOCK





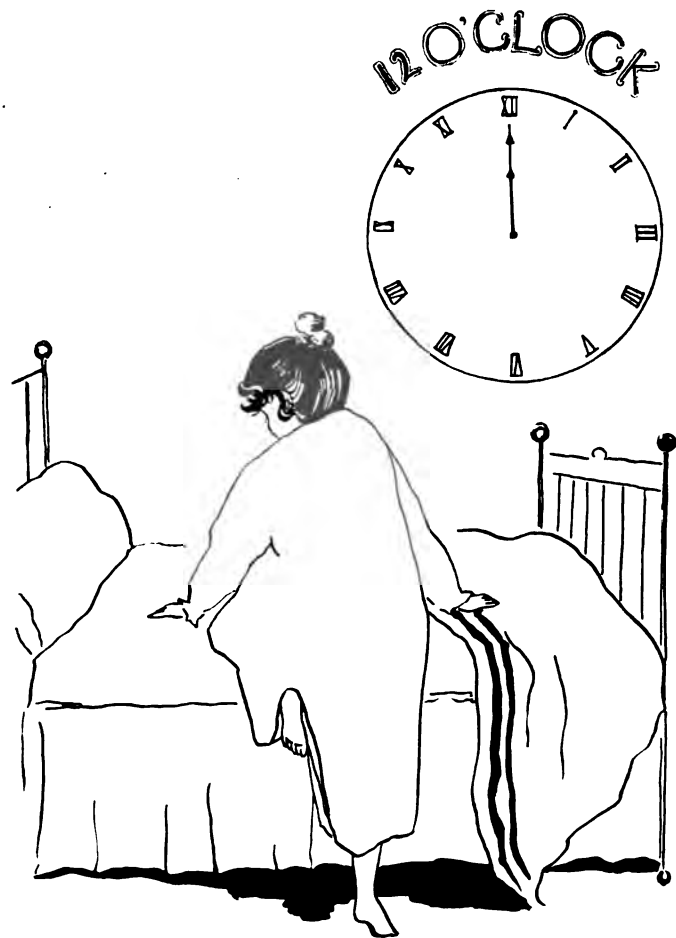
TEN O'CLOCK



At Ten o'clock, Miss Doris goes,  
Decked out with parasol,  
To take her Marietta Jane  
To see another doll.  
And if she's urged and entertained,  
The time will slip away,  
Beyond the hour her Mother said  
The little girl might stay.

Eleven o'clock!  
Her shopping o'er, and Doris' new gown bought,  
Mamma will want her little lass,  
and Doris will be sought!





At Twelve o'clock - a funny time,  
To bed she will be sent,  
To give a little quiet time for Doris to repent!

We don't believe in goblins, and we're not  
afraid of bears,  
But still we know obedience must guide  
in our affairs,  
And every hour and all hours good children  
must obey,  
At home or school must heed the rule,  
and mind their elders' sway;  
For if we do not honor law when we are young  
and growing,  
When we are old our daily life will make  
an awful showing!

It is quite hard to say  
if this hour of the day  
Is meant to be one, or be I,  
Somehow or other, they're as  
like one another  
As raisins I find in my pie.

But it's nearly the same,  
just excepting the name,  
Because I am one,  
Don't you see?  
And that helps me to think,  
just as quick as a wink,  
That this hour is one, just like me!





There was a small girl  
that I knew,  
Who never could tell when  
'twas Two.

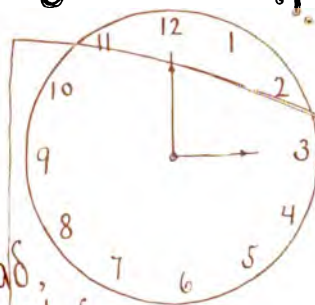
Said Mamma, "That would seem  
Just the time for ice-cream,  
But of course there will be none  
for you."

This led that small girl that I knew  
To gain correct knowledge of Two ;  
When 'twas time for dessert ,  
She was on the alert ,  
Which I thought was a wise thing to do.

There was a young lad  
named Billee,  
Who never could tell when  
'twas Three,  
Said his father, "That's sad,  
For I should have been glad  
To take you out fishing with me."

Thereafter, that lad named Billee  
Could tell to the minute when Three;  
If his father was wishing  
To take him out fishing,  
He was ready as ready could be.

3 O'CLOCK





At Four 'tis still play-time - we wish  
that some prophet,  
As once in the past, would command  
the bright sun,  
To stop in his course and so let the day  
linger,  
That children might really have time  
for their fun.

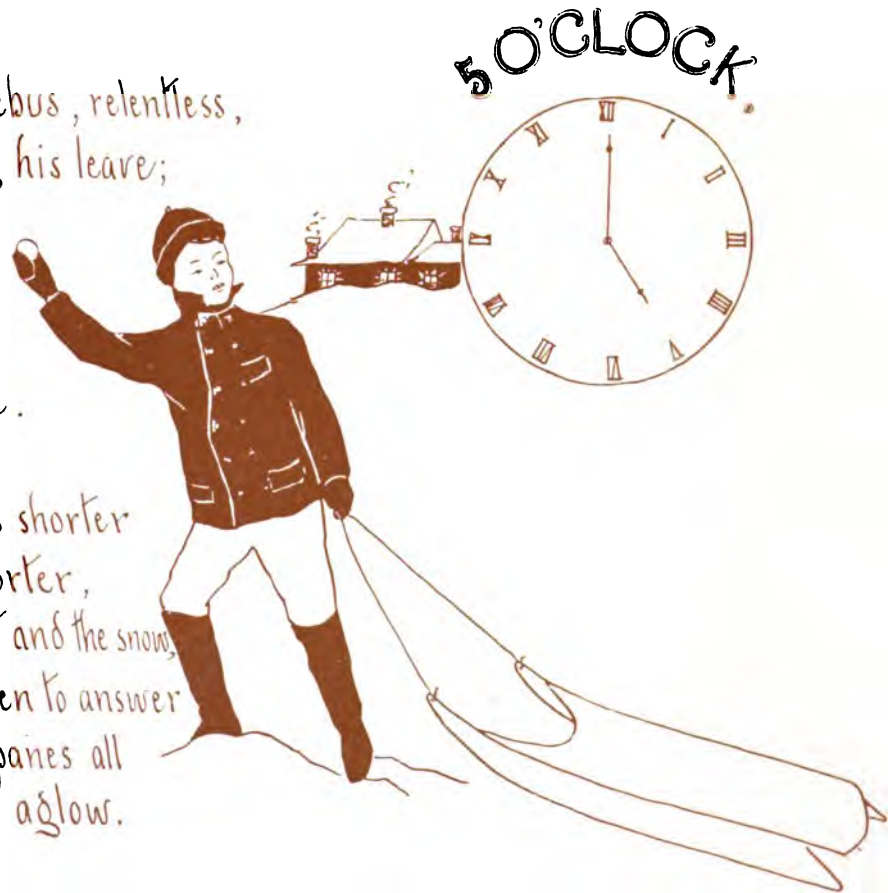


We've games by the dozen awaiting each minute  
Of that blessed time that we call "after school";  
The big folks can't know how the time  
fairly whizzes,  
Or they would be easy in setting the rule.



At Five, even Summer sees Phoebus, relentless,  
Afar in the west slowly taking his leave;  
The bees faintly hum, and the  
little flowers, nodding,  
Now drowsily droop as they  
beckon the eve.

The swift course in winter grows shorter  
and shorter,  
The twilight falls fast thro' the mist and the snow,  
The loitering foot-steps soon quicken to answer  
The welcome that shines from the panes all  
aglow.



1894